

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NO. 921.

## MURDER WILL OUT—A TALE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

In the last year of the American war, Colonel Dunbar and Captain Apreece, the former a Scotchman, the latter a native of North Wales, were taken prisoners by a French frigate and carried into Calais, on their way to America. From Calais they were removed to Rouen in Normandy, where they hoped to be prisoners on their parole; but in this respect their expectations were cruelly disappointed, as an Englishman had recently broken his parole, and his countrymen were therefore forced to suffer for his guilt.—Consequently, Col. Dunbar and Capt. Apreece vainly protested that they were incapable of following the bad example which their countryman had set them: no attention was paid to their assurances; and all the indulgence shown to them was, care to accommodate them in the very best place of confinement in the city.

The apartments provided for them were really commodious. They had indeed only one sitting room, but they had separate bed-rooms. The only inconvenience was, that as they were at the top of the house, and therefore might have commanded a fine and extensive view, the windows were so high and narrow, that they were as useless to them in point of prospect as a sky-light would have been. However after a few weeks confinement, they contrived to bribe the jailor, though contrary to order, to bring them steps, by which they could reach the window and enjoy the view of the surrounding country; and being also indulged with books, the hours of their captivity were less painful than they at first promised to be. But to Dunbar they soon ceased to be painful, and they became productive to him even of delight.

The windows looked immediately on a large field or orchard, walled round, which joined the garden of a nunnery; and in the field as well as the garden some of the novices and boarders were allowed to walk; and as the prison was the only building which overlooked the field, the windows was such as to preclude all suspicion that the young ladies would be exposed to the observation of the prisoners. One day while Dunbar was amusing himself with looking at some novices with an excellent telescope which he had brought with him, and was flattering his national pride with the idea that there was more true beauty in one of his country women than in all the girls whom he then beheld, one of those striking, interesting figures entered the field, who if once seen can never be forgotten,—one of those figures which led one immediately to inquire, "Who is she and whence does she come?"—A tall, graceful, fair, blooming girl met his view: whose full and finely formed person seemed to speak her more than twenty; but whose youthful expression, and the lightness of whose motions, and all the winning charms of early youth. This lady, though she wore a long white veil, had no other marks of the dress of a novice; and Dunbar flattered himself that she was only a boarder. He saw or thought he saw, that the novices paid her great attention, and therefore he concluded she

was of rank: but whoever or whatever she was, whether an English-woman or a French-woman, he soon felt that to gaze on her was rapture; and when she left the field he stood looking at the window still, as if he lived but in the hope of seeing her again.

"I wonder whether Apreece saw her too," thought Dunbar; and though he wished that he might for one reason,—namely, that he might talk of her to him,—a feeling resembling jealousy made him hope that he had not seen her, and that the discovered treasure was all his own. However, Apreece had seen her, and had admired her; but he was very indifferent about seeing her again, and could not help bantering Dunbar on falling in love at first sight.

"Indeed," answered Dunbar, "till to day, I thought 'love at first sight' not only absurd, but impossible."

"I know not whether it be the latter, but I am sure it is the former," said Apreece, and Dunbar felt already too much in earnest to bear to expose his feelings to be laughed at by continuing the conversation.

The next day, the following day, and indeed every day for a week together, this fair vision haunted the nunnery field. Sometimes she was there alone, and at those times a pensiveness almost amounting to sadness stole over her soft features, and Dunbar began to fear that she was in love. Who she was, his jailor could not inform him—he only supposed she was "*une jeune dame en pension*," and Dunbar guessed as much himself; while Apreece tallied Dunbar unmercifully on his romantic passion, and declared that he saw nothing so very captivating in the incognititia. "My cousin Mary Cadogan," said he, "would be twice as handsome if she did not squint a little."

"Squint?" exclaimed Dunbar, "can you think of putting a woman who squints in any degree of comparison with my beautiful incognititia?"

"Every one to his taste," replied Apreece; "and my cousin Mary is the girl for me: nor but what I must own that the incognititia has something so striking in her face and person, that if once seen she can never be forgotten; and I should know her again even if I saw her on the top of a Welsh mountain. But to own the truth, she is too old for me; I dare say she is at least four and twenty, and there is a look of intelligence, dignity, and independence about her, which will never be in a woman of my choice. I do not like your noun-substantive women, I prefer a noun adjective; I like your little, timid, fearful creatures, that look up to one for protection; fearful souls that scream at sight of a cow—tremble at a flash of lightning—and cannot even cross a kennel without help; for it gives one, Dunbar, such a sweet sensation of one's own superiority and importance, to see oneself obliged to offer one's protection to the dear tremblers."

"Indeed?" replied Dunbar, smiling: "I would rather derive my sensation of my own superiority and importance from a consciousness of my own worth,—not from a comparison with the weakness of a trembling woman. I dislike a masculine woman as much as you do; but I

confess that I should prefer for my wife a woman not apt to be rendered incapable of conducting herself, or educating her children, by the impulse of ungrounded fears, but one whose habitual fortitude might, if necessary, be capable of supporting mine."

"Well, you may prefer a woman like the oak, if you please; but give me one resembling the ivy."

"Oh, my friend," cried Dunbar, "beware of these ivy women, they are terrible encroachers! Have you not often seen the ivy wind and wind round the trunk of the tree, continually getting higher and higher, till at length it reaches the top of it: and has spread itself so widely round that the poor tree is become quite invisible, and a seeming non-entity? Even so it is with your ivy or noun-adjective women;—they gradually wind themselves with seeming humility and submission round a man's will, till at length the poor husband, like the oak above mentioned, is a mere cypher in his family, and the expected tyrant becomes himself a slave where he expected to make one."

"May be so, may be so; but depend on it I will choose a very young wife, one who has not yet learnt to have a will or a preference; I will have one whose mind shall be a sheet of blank paper, in which I and I only shall write what I please."

"What a vain fellow you must be Apreece! How fond you must be of your own mind, to wish your wife's mind to be a mere mirror to reflect yours!"

"Call me what you please," answered Apreece, "but believe me I should delight to hear my wife echoing all my opinions, and modestly adding 'as Mr. Apreece says.'

"If this be all you wish to hear, why marry at all? You had much better buy a young parrot and teach it to speak after you. No,—give me a rational, thinking, yet modest woman, who must be capable of having an opinion of her own; and who, if she surrenders her will to me, does it not from imbecility, but tenderness: let her countenance beam with *original* intelligence, self-derived, not borrowed; in short let her—"

"Be exactly like the incognititia," cried Apreece; "and there she is, looking as intelligent and as lofty-minded as any poor foolish man can wish."

She was indeed in sight, and he had soon neither eyes nor ears for any thing but himself.

Soon after, Apreece was seized with symptoms of a fever; and on the third day he was so alarmed for his own safety, that Dunbar promised he would set up that night in his own apartment, and be ready to attend his summons at a moment's notice.

He therefore sat up, reading, writing or meditating, when the first rays of morning shone into his room. "How finely the dawn must appear," thought Dunbar, "gilding the dark towers of the nunnery!" especially as he fancied that nunnery contained the being whom he so tenderly admired. In an instant the steps were set against the window, and he ascended them. But what words can express the horror and distraction which he felt on beholding the scene

which awaited him! The day dawned glo-  
riously, but he saw it not; his eyes were fixed  
on his incognita, who was kneeling on the  
ground by the side of a young and well-dressed  
man, to all appearance dead, and newly mur-  
dered, for a stiletto was sticking in his bosom; and  
the stiletto the incognita plucked from his bleed-  
ing breast, then threw it in a piece of stagnant  
water beside her. Dunbar scarcely breathed,  
nay he was scarcely conscious that he existed;  
but in motionless horror he stood watching what  
was to follow.

The next step taken by the lady, who looked  
fearfully round as she did it, was to fill the  
pockets of the deceased with some large and loose  
stones which lay near her; and then clasping  
her hands as in agony, and first raising her blue  
eyes to heaven, she rolled the body into the  
water, and stood eagerly and anxiously gazing  
on it as it gradually sank. At length it dis-  
appeared; and, as if she felt relieved by this  
circumstance, she looked up to heaven again,  
apparently in thankfulness; and having first  
carefully, by means of the water, removed every  
trace of blood from the ground and her own  
hands, she slowly re-entered the garden, and  
closed the gate upon her, leaving Dunbar petri-  
fied with horror and amazement, and cursing  
his own miserable fate that had doomed him to  
be in love with a murderer, for such she could  
not but appear in his eyes; since, had the young  
man been a self-murderer, why should she have  
been so anxious to conceal the horrid deed?

(To be Continued.)

## EVENINGS, FROM HOME.

A gentleman in the vicinity of Liverpool, who has had frequent matrimonial bickering with his loving wife, on account, as she says, of his spending too much of his precious time at the M— Tavern, and too little at home, has hit upon a most sovereign panacea for the cure of this complaint:—Coming home lately, near “Night’s meridian,” the usual domestic squabble of course ensued, when, recollecting a favorite adage of his, viz. “Gold subdues all things,” he made a compromise with his lady for all future dissensions on that score, by engaging to pay her, by way of pin-money, one guinea for every night he should in future stay out till ten o’clock, two guineas if till eleven o’clock, and so on, one guinea for each subsequent hour the same night.—The writer of this was present in a very agreeable company when he incurred the first connubial forfeit of this kind, which happened to be the night next after this stipulation, which he hoped would “not be the last by many.”—These may not unaptly be called his “golden hours.”

## DRAW SOLDIERS, DRAW.

GENERAL Webb, so remarkable for the defeat of a French convoy, at the siege of Lisle, had brought home some dispatches, about the period of the union; and of him Archibald, Duke of Argyle, used to relate the following anecdote: During a very warm debate upon the union, the General fell asleep, and, at the close of the debate, the speaker having declared as usual, “that the *rauers* must *withdraw*,” the General, awaking with the noise and tumult at the close of an angry debate, heard only the last syllable of the well-known word, and thinking the order was to *draw*, immediately drew his sword, adding, “with all my heart, I thought it would come to that at last.”

## THE THREE SIGHs:

### OR, SORROW, HOPE AND BLISS.

NEAR yonder cliff there stands a cot  
Long favor’d by the forming tide;  
When Edward left the much-lov’d spot,  
With parting kiss fair Anna sigh’d—

With Edward’s presence bless’d to-day,  
But sad will be to-morrow;  
Adieu! adieu!—she scarce could say,  
And heav’d the sigh of Sorrow.

Some months had pass’d in silent grief,  
When Reason’s voice resum’d its sway;  
She on complaint never gave relief,  
So grew resign’d from day to day.

Oft from the cliff she’d plaintive cry—  
‘He may return to-morrow?’  
While thus she sang, Hope’s rising sigh  
Reliev’d the sigh of sorrow.

And now the vessel homeward steer’d,  
She saw the well-known token wave—  
(The faithful sigh her bosom cheer’d)  
The token she at parting gave.

Fond Edward cried, with ardent kiss—  
‘Thou shalt be mine to-morrow?’  
While thus he spake, the sigh of Bliss  
Dispell’d the sigh of Sorrow.

## —O:—

### EPICRAM.

#### IMPARTIAL JUSTICE.

THE constable of a country town;  
Before a Justice brought,  
Once on a time, a vagrant clown,  
In petty trespass caught.

And long, with many shun! and ha!  
Much circumstance, much doubt,  
Enlarg’d on some suppos’d *faux pas*,  
Could he have made it out.

Then to his worship turn’d his speech  
At every period’s close,  
And ask’d what punishment could reach  
Enormities like those?

‘What punishment?’ with angry face,  
The Justice cried again,  
‘Make him this moment take my place,  
And hear your tale again?’

From the *Trenton True American*.

### EXTEMPORE LINES.

“Lay up your treasure in Heaven”

How short is the span,  
Allotted to man,  
Oh this troublesome tenement earth!  
What innumerable woes,  
From life’s dawn to its close,  
Chase moments of pleasure in mirth!  
The joy we must prize  
How swiftly it flies,  
Like Gossamer wing’d by the wind!  
How poignant we feel,  
Though we strive to conceal,  
The sting which is oft left behind!  
Then since it is so  
That few joys and much woe,  
Attend on this state of probation!  
Be it every one’s strife,  
To improve the short life,  
And lay hold on eternal salvation.  
No trouble or care,  
Not a sigh nor a tear,  
Shall invade the abode of the blest!  
But bliss be enjoy’d,  
Unimpair’d—unalloy’d.  
While the throne of our God shall exist,

## ELINOR.

### A SENTIMENTAL SKETCH.

“Ah! how cold the wind blows!” said a tall  
female, as she descended from a white cliff which  
overhung the sea. I raised my eyes wistfully  
to her face. I saw it was traced by the hand of  
Beauty, and not by the tear of Misery. The  
fresh breeze blew through her loose garments  
and cast her brown hair in disordered, but beau-  
tiful masses, over her naked bosom! her eyes  
were sweet and blue, but thy rolled with the  
quickness of phrenzy as she approached “Who  
are you?” asked I, with emotion, taking her  
hand within mine. “They call me Wild Elinor!”  
answered she, in a soft but hurried voice,  
eyeing some flowers.—“I am very poor—I  
have no home—I have lost my lover—

“Beneath yon wave  
Is Edwin’s grave?”

repeated she, in a musical tone. “But, come  
back with me, and see it. I strew it every day  
with flowers, and weep sometimes—But—I  
can’t now!” She stopped, and sighed; then,  
putting her hand on her breast—“I am very  
unhappy, stranger! O my breaking heart! In  
Her voice died away. I thought reason gleamed  
in her eye, as she sunk on the sod. I stooped  
to raise her falling frame. She lifted her  
large blue orbs towards me with silent gratitude  
—a soft bloom spread her pallid cheek; and,  
articulating “Elwin!” fell lifeless on the earth.

“Thy gentle spirit is now at rest!” said I  
bending pensively over her clay. “But, oh  
what agonies must have torn thy heart, luck-  
less maid! when returning reason shewed thee  
all thy wretchedness, and when that wretched-  
ness cut the thread of thy existance! Cold, cold  
is the loveliest form of Nature! closed is the  
softest eye that ever poured a beam on mine!  
That form must now moulder in the dust! that  
eye must no longer open on the world!” The  
tears gushed as I spoke. I fell on the earth be-  
side her corpse: the warm drops of sensibility  
washed the marble of her bosom—my heart heaved  
with agony. I was a man, and I gloried in  
my tears!

DE BURGH.

### A BEGGER’S PORTION.

Some few days ago, when beggars were more  
frequent in our island than at present, it was  
customary among this class of people to bestow,  
as a portion on their daughters, if they married  
into the society, a certain number of streets as a  
portion. One of these itinerant matrons was la-  
menting that her son-in-law seemed to be in no  
way of accumulating an independent fortune;  
and said she, “I gave up to the girl three streets  
when she married him, and those, well begged,  
are worth more than half a guinea a day!”

Lond. pap.

### FATHER ADAM.

FATHER Adam was a Jesuit of Limousin, who  
was silenced afterwards for preaching against  
St. Austin. The Queen’s mother coming out  
from one of his sermons, asked a courtier, who  
was near her, what he thought of the discourse.  
Madam, replied the gentleman, the sermon con-  
vinces me of the truth of the doctrine of the Pre-  
damites. How so, says the Queen. Because,  
Madam, I am now certain that Father Adam is  
not the first of men.

## SONG.

FLATTERING Lovers often swear  
Wedlock is as sweet as honey,  
But experienc'd folks declare,  
'Tis quite sour without money.  
Having none I told dear Harry—  
I was much afraid to marry.

But he cried, my heart, my love,  
Rich in charms let that content ye—  
I'll a tender husband prove,  
I've a house, and kine in plenty.  
Speedy bless thy faithful Harry—  
He is not afraid to marry.

Say, ye maids, what could I do?  
Here was surely no deception,  
Could I but believe him true?  
Could I have the least exception?  
I no longer fear'd to marry,  
And soon wedded faithful Harry.

## TO CELIA, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

MARK, Celia, how the morning hours  
Catch by degrees, the solar ray,  
While light, with still increasing powers,  
Breaks forth resplendent into day:

Thus have thy early, infant years,  
Alike progressive reach'd their morn,  
While those soft arts, which taste endears,  
Hang glittering dew-drops on the thorn:

Prize, O my love! these youthful scene,  
Whose guiltless pleasures never cloy;  
No cloud of sorrow intervenes,  
But all is harmony and joy.

Urge not thy swift advancing years  
To gloomy noon, on sun-beams burn;  
For ah! these gems will melt in tears,  
And leave unsheathe'd the pointed thorn!

## INDUSTRY.

A labouring man, whose name is William Hasteen, or Hastings, has built for himself a dwelling-house, eight yards square, two stories high, and containing a parlour and kitchen on the ground floor. All the materials have been conveyed to it either by a wheelbarrow, or in a bag over his shoulders; a small part of the slats except. This monument of toilsome perseverance is situated near Harrington Harbour. He wheeled the lime from the kilns at Dassington, the stones from a quarry in the seabrows, and bore by far the greater part of the timber upon his back from one of the yards at Workington! The Herculean task (not less credible than many of the labours of the celebrated son of Alcmena) was completed a few weeks ago, and the mansion is called INDUSTRY HALL.

*Lond. pap.*

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 11, 1806.

The city inspector reports the death of 47 persons (of whom 16 were men—8 women—12 boys, and 11 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of casualties 3, cholic 1, consumption 6, convulsions 3, debility 1, decay 4, dropsy 1, epilepsy 2, nervous fever 1, typhus fever 2, infantile flux 4, hives 2, intemperance 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, old age 2, palsey 1, small pox 1, putrid sore throat 1, sprue 1, still born 2, teething 2, whooping cough 2, and 2 of worms.

The English ship Argo, capt. Kidston, was wrecked on the Three Islands, near Lapland, last fall. The vessel was found early in the spring, with no person on board. Some of the inhabitants from the nearest settlement, being employed getting anchors, ropes, and any other stores they could find on shore; obser-

ved at a little distance, a pole standing in the snow, which they removed, and the following day a dog came out of the hole, which, on seeing strangers, immediately returned; curiosity induced them to clear away the snow, and at the depth of two fathoms and a half, they discovered the dog, and the remains of four human bodies. The animal had eaten most of the flesh of three of them for its subsistence during the winter; one was entire.

It appears that the unfortunate crew having quitted the ship, and got safe on land, were unable to find any habitation, and thus perished from the inclemency of the season."

Extract of a letter, dated Montreal, Sept. 20, 1806.—"Three persons have been taken in the suburbs of this town, in the act of throwing off a considerable number of Bank notes chiefly I am told of the Merchants Bank of New-York, and some other banks of the United States. They say that they are extremely well executed. I am told that they have found in the house where those persons were apprehended, near fifty thousand pound in counterfeit bills. It is reported that another set is in the country, acting in the same manner."

The dwelling house of—O'Hara, Esq. at the bay of Chalour, was consumed by fire on 23d ult. attended by the melancholy circumstance of a very promising daughter of 13 years, a son of 10 years, and a servant girl, perishing in the flames.

*Salem Reg.*

*Harford, Oct. 1.*—In the Thunder-Storm on the 19th ult. was killed by Lightning, Abner Andrus, son of Mr. John Andrus, of Chatham, aged 20 years. This youth was returning from military exercise, on horse back, when the fatal element struck his musket and ran down his body, tearing his hat and clothes, entered the saddle in two places, and instantly killed his horse. In his death his parents have lost an affectionate child, and the Church of Christ a valuable member.

Last week, a son of Capt. Elisha William, of Wethersfield, aged, 11 years, fell from a Cart, the wheel of which passed over his body, and he almost instantly expired.

A child of Capt. James Francis, of Wethersfield, was last week scalded to death.

The following paragraph lately appeared in a Provincial newspaper:—"Travellers should be careful to deliver their luggage to proper persons, as a gentleman, a few days since, on alighting from a stage coach, entrusted his wife to a stranger, and he has not heard of her since."

*Lond. pap.*

Lord Howe used to tell of one his lads, a brave fellow, but a little too fond of a can of grog, who never omitted to repeat the following prayer every night as he went to his hammock; "I never murdered any man, nor no man ever murdered me; then God bless all mankind. Amen." *Ibd.*

30,000, 20,000, & 10,000 DOLLARS.

For sale at this office, Tickets in Lottery No. V. for the Encouragement of Literature.

## COAL.

Virginia Coal of a superior quality, suitable for the grate, for sale at the yards No. 26 Roosevelt-street, or corner of Roosevelt and Bunker-streets.

Also, Liverpool and Scotch Coal, may be had by applying as above.

S. FREEMAN.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

Who soft those bands which hearts unite  
In one delightful tie!  
Well-pleas'd they bless the heav'ly rite  
Which yields such ecstasy.

## MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. John Dow, to Miss Mary Walker, both of this city.

On Tuesday, by the Rev. Mr. Ireland, Thomas Fenner, Esq. of Poughkeepsie, to Mrs. Dorothy Alder, relict of Mr. Caleb Alder, late of New-York.

At Bedford, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Grant; Mr. Benjamin Haight, to Miss Catharine Holly, daughter of Col. Holly.

Same place, by the Rev. Mr. Grant, Mr. Jotham Smith, to Miss Abigail Haight, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Haight.

At Demerara, the 5th June, Mr. Murrow, of England, to Miss Eliza Van Horne, daughter of the late James Van Horne, of this city.

## MORTALITY.

The world's a sea, and life a restless dream,  
Mankind but waves, by windimpass'd tost'd;  
A moment borne on time's resistless stream  
They sink, and in the gulph of death are lost.

## DIED.

On the 5th inst. after a few weeks illness, Mr. Jacques Ruden, aged 36 years, highly esteemed by all who knew him.

On Thursday evening, of a stroke of the palsey, after an illness of 5 days, Mr. Louis Jones, sen. Printer.

On Wednesday last, Mrs. Sarah Rainbird.

At Brooklyn, on Saturday last, Mrs. Esther Van Wynke.

At Pandome, on Long Island, Mrs. Mary Mitchell.

On the 1st ult. Mrs. Ann Randolph Craik, the truly amiable consort of the hon. William Craik, of Vincinaria.

At his house near Smyrna, Kent County, in the state of Delaware, Col. James Henry, greatly lamented by all who knew his virtues.

At Philadelphia, Mrs. Mary Flinham, wife of Wm. Flinham.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

No. 7, COURTLAND-STREET.

MRS. TURNER,

Just from London, Fancy Dress and Pelisse maker.

Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city and its vicinity, that she has opened for their inspection some of the latest and most prevalent ENGLISH FASHIONS, which she hopes will meet their approval, and induce them to give their orders; flattering herself, her connexion with the principal houses of Fashion in London, will enable her to execute them with taste and Elegance, on the shortest notice, as it will ever be her study to secure the Patronage and support of a generous public, whose favors she will feel a pride in acknowledging with gratitude and respect.

Oct. 11.

921-3\*

## GEORGE SPITZENBERGER,

FURRIER.

Informs the Ladies, and public in general, that he has opened a FURRIER STORE, in John-Street, No. 54, and recommends his Goods equal to any in this city, as they are made by himself.

October 11, 1806.

921-4\*

## FASHIONABLE COMBS.

An elegant assortment of Tortoise and Mock Tortoise Combs, for sale at John Barnham's Hardware-Store, No. 103, Maiden-lane.

Sept. 6.

916-3\*

MRS. TODD'S,

TEA-STORE—No. 68, JOHN-STREET,

Where may be had a general assortment of the best Tea, Sugar, Coffee, Spices, &c. &c.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

I am at a loss whence I derived the following verses. They pleased me because I thought them more than tolerable, and because they brought to my recollection Dean Swift's "Ballyspellin."

Port. Fol.

Now autumn shews the careful swain  
'Tis time into the golden grain  
The sickle to be putting;  
And, gaily in the hazle shades,  
See! all the village, men and maids,  
Each evening a nutting.

\* Dear, dear!" cries aged Tabitha,  
\* Where can the girls be gone to-day?  
\* I cannot keep my slut in;  
\* Let me say whatso'er I will,  
\* Behold the spinning wheel stands still,  
\* "Tis all this plaguey nutting!

\* Sounds!" quoth the farmer, "where is Dick?"  
\* The night is coming on us quick,  
\* "Tis time the sheep were shut in;  
\* But I must fold'em, I suppose,  
\* While that young idle rascal goes  
\* With Margery a nutting!"

But Polly's pocket full betrays—  
\* And what is that, her mother says;  
\* On either side so jutting;  
\* "Tis no use, hussey, to deny  
\* Or tell in vain a wicked lie,  
\* You know you've been a nutting."

In winter round a cheerful fire,  
At eve the villagers retire,  
Content some humble hut in,  
And crack their nuts and reckon o'er,  
How many months will be before  
Aga'n the time of nutting.

When citizens in summer, brave  
The terrors of the briny wave,  
The watering places glutting,  
Instead of plunging in the deep,  
Quere—wer't not as good and cheap,  
To take a fortnight's nutting?

Would spleen and vapores take advice,  
This short prescription may suffice,  
\* The hazel grove get but in,  
And, coming out, I'm very sure  
You'll own with pleasure what a cure  
Was gain'd by merely nutting.

Thrice happy grove! for thee I'd quit  
The critic's region, the pit,  
Or beau in lobby strutting;  
No opera, concert, masquerade  
Nor birth-night ball room should persuade  
Me not to go a nutting.

Oh would the parliament but grant  
A sum, in dear Hyde Park to plant,  
In rows the filbert cutting;  
Then nearer home, we soon might rove  
Through Fashion's charming hazel grove  
And see all ranks—a nutting!

## EPIGRAMS.

### SOME CONSOLATION.

Tom with a shrew lives link'd in wedlock's fetter;  
Yet let not Tom his stars too sorely curse;  
As there's no hope his wife will e'er be better,  
So there's no fear she ever can be worse!

JACK keeps his secrets well, or I'm deceiv'd;  
For nothing he can say will be believ'd.

## STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

## DEWEILERS & WATCH MAKERS,

NO. 137, WILLIAM-STREET.

Impressed with a due sense of the many favors conferred on them, beg to return their sincere thanks to a generous public, and to inform them they have opened a Store No. 441, PEARL-STREET, where they intend keeping a general assortment of the most fashionable articles in their line. In addition to their former Stock, they have just received an elegant assortment of Ladies ornamented dress Combs of the latest Parisian fashions, (they invite the ladies to be early in their applications) as also a fresh supply of the highly approved Venus Tooth-Powder, which is now selling with such rapidity by them, the sole vendors in New-York. They have on hand a large assortment of fashionable gold and silver Watches, which they are determined to dispose of, wholesale or retail on very liberal terms.

N. B. Spanish Segars of the very best quality in boxes, from 250 to 1000.

Orders from the country punctually attended to.

\* \* \* A few proof impressions of John Sullivan's map of the U. States, including Louisiana, five feet square, taken from actual survey, and superior in point of correctness to any now in use.

Sept. 6.

916—tf.

## DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,

Which nothing will Discharge without destroying the Linen.

The Utility of this Preparation, whenever such an Article is wanting, need not be pointed out—Initials, Names, Cyphers, Crests, &c. may be formed with the utmost expedition, and without the incumbrance or expense of any Implements; and will be found to stand every Test of Washings, Buckings, Acids, Alkalies, &c. which oily and other Compositions will not. If wrote on Linen as it comes from the loom, it firmly stands the Bleaching. It is also a much better, as well as indelible Criterion of a Person's Property, than Initials made with Thread, Silk, or Instruments, frequently used for this purpose.

A fresh supply of the above, just received by Robert Bach, & co. Druggists, No. 128 Pearl-Street, for sale, wholesale and retail; where also may be had Drugs and Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery of the best kinds, Tooth Brushes, Reeves' drawing colours, &c. &c.

July 19.

909—tf.

## MARTIN RABBESON,

At his wholesale UMBRELLA MANUFACTORY, No. 34, Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-Street, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the above manufacture extensively, and sells Umbrellas and Parasols, in the greatest variety, wholesale and retail. Ladies wishing to purchase handsome Parasols, may always have the choice out of one hundred doz.

N. B. A number of Girls wanted to sew umbrellas or to nett fringes.

June 14

904—3m.

## LIKENESS'

### TAKEN BY THE REFLECTING MIRROR, AND PAINTED FINELY IN MINIATURE.

MR PARISEN, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he has returned to this city, and resides at No. 58, Chatham-Street, where he will continue for some time to take Likeness' by the Reflecting Mirror, lately received from London, which only requires a few minutes sitting to take the most correct Likeness in any position, and reduced to any size in Miniature. Price of each picture, which depends on the size, and finely painted, is from 5 to 20 dollars each—the Likeness is warranted to please.

Likewise, historical and fancy pieces painted on silk for Ladies' needle-work, and all kinds of hair devices neatly executed.

N. B. A few Ladies and Gentlemen may be instructed in the art of drawing and painting in water colours, on moderate terms.

Sept. 6.

916—tf.

## TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS.

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE,

NO. 114, BROADWAT.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping, 4s per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass. Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s. bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb. Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyenne Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning gray, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Paraffins, Is. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

\* \* \* The best warranted Cave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs. Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again January 5, 1806.

833. ly.

## SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,

Split straw do. do.

Paper do.

Wire assorted sizes,

Artificial and straw Flowers,

do. do. Wreaths,

Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,

Paste boards,

Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,

Sarsnets, white and pink,

Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.

With every article in the Millenary line by Wholesale only.

N. B. One or two Apprentices wanted at the Millenary business.

August 30,

915—tf.

PUBLISHED BY MARGR. HARRISON,  
No. 3 PECK-SLIP.